relationships, are unlikely to have caused any loss of sleep, except perhaps to the politicians concerned.

Public events, however portentous, trouble little the great mass of mankind, who feel with reason that they are powerless to influence them, and in any case must endure their consequences. An aching tooth is more woeful than Hitler, a cold in the head of greater concern to the sufferer than the annexation of Albania. What turns a Foreign Secretary grey and haggard in a few months, leaves unperturbed the half-million who assemble to watch the Derby. His egotism is involved, but theirs is not, though later the decisions he takes may cost them wounds, bitter separations, their lives even. Until this happens, the fortunes of the horse in which they have invested a few shillings, are of greater moment than proposed alliances, fallen dynasties, and persecuted minorities. Power, the raw material of politics, is a specialised taste; most find money and fornication and snobbishness more alluring. Those who are preoccupied with power—politicians, dictators, revolutionaries, reformers, to inflate their own importance try to create the illusion that others share their preoccupation, or rail against them for not sharing it, complaining that when civilisation is endangered the foolish multitude goes on its way, unheedful of them and their prognostications, too apathetic to read or listen to what they have to say, or to register votes for or against them. Such apathy cannot be wholly obscured even in dictatorial states, with all their propagandist and coercive resources. Though apathy is made a crime punishable with imprisonment or death,

still it exists;
perhaps more than ever. How stupendous must be the apathy
of one who has for the hundredth time processed with a banner
past Lenin's tomb, or roared his salutation to Fiihrer or Duce;
for the thousandth time opened his *Pravda* or *Angriff* or *Popolo d* Italia* to find there a glowing account of his rulers* achievements.
Fkgs are obediently displayed, slogans obediently shouted; yet
somehow the result is not convincing. A football match, a
photograph of an almost nude beauty chorus, the announcement
of lottery winners, evokes more authentic enthusiasm.